

TOIKE OIKE farewell SKULE HOUSE

Yesterday,
a small boy
bone cold
stumbled into your arms
and found
a place.

Years he grew
nestled in the soft, underpart of you
dreaming of greatness—high blown.
The bridges he would build!
The nations he would draw!
He was master
and found
buried deep in your warm, red brick
a kingdom.

He was not alone.
Hordes followed
singing your praises
with brass and drum
Dirty blue-jacketed armies
legion strong,
they rumbled through your arteries
and you were kind.

You forgave their foibles.
They were young
and yours.
You forgave when they carved
in your soft brown skin,
their egos.
Always their outmoded art
you understood.
And now you stand,
desolate, broken, medsmalized.

Now they sell
like a cut-rate parthenon
pieces of your soul
50 bucks a brick
bargained by crass finaglers
Wall-street brained,
How can they
who never knew you
know your worth?

And all the heartless plunderers
hacking at your ruins
should fade
as autumn
into a cold winter
and a ghost-gone night.



in this issue:

..... **The Pullam Report**

The Inept Seducer.....

Open House ... Skule Nite

Biro's Bureau... I Dreamt

I Attended the CANNONBALL

with my Maiden-Form Girlfriend!

SKULE - NITE TRADITIONS

By S.P.Q.R



RED
BAGSON

hons these girls have
Songs you all know. Roll
Over in the Clover with
variations specially written by
Archibald Van Heinrich
Bach in Q major-minor Go-
diva rewritten to suit a
theme by and for U.No.Hu.
the famous Chinese-American
Communist who cried to
the mob of hundreds and
fifties at the U of P's 1966-
68 I.T.U.

None will forget that
years; "Ginsberg presents
the North Atlantic Squa-
dron", as presented by the
Erotics. As a matter of fact
Frank None (III APSC) was
just in here this morning
telling me how he forget all
about it.

Wit: It must be noted of
course that, to quote a
famous well hated anti-
engineer of about three years
ago, (no names will be
mentioned) The Freshman
Hand-Book by Drishku this
Skule Nite is a production
by engineers, for engineers".
(Don't bother me if I mis-
quoted).

The humours surpasses
that of such immoral works
as *The Revolution of Heaven-
ly Bodies* by O.H.M.S. Co-
pernicus (I APSC).

The humour will certainly
keep one thinking, and often
hissing with delight.

Some of the people who
have been in previous Skule
Nite are — A.V.H. Schmitt.
— Lord and Lady Godiva
— Lady Godiva's Bastards
— Lady Godiva's Bawdy
Bodies

— John Morris
and of course that infamous
of all infamies

— Are Wain Dinkleplicker.
So let me issue an open
invitation to you all — be
you of sound mind and body
or he you an Artsy, come to
this year's Skule Nite and
revel in ribaldry. Tickets go
on sale at certain times and
in certain places as outlined
elsewhere in this magnifi-
cent constantly quoted liter-
ary masterpiece the
Toike Oike

I DREAMED I ATTENDED THE CANNONBALL WITH MY MAIDENFORM GIRL FRIEND...

Graham Howes

With the air of people about to enter Buckingham
Palace, my date and I tiptoed into the Great Hall, afraid
lest we break the magical air of regality that clung to
the walls.

Neither of us spoke, unable to voice our surging emo-
tions. Around us other couples, likewise enraptured,
trancelike, strolled the reaches of the Hall imagining the
past epics of long-remembered Cannonballs. Even the
animal band seemed to have turned the volume down
from unbearable to unreasonable in accordance with the
atmosphere.

Then somnambulating down the hall we seemed to
see on either side the resurrected ghosts of engineers,
hard hats coldly polished and jackets reflecting the half-
light off burnished corduroy. Alternated with the spectres
were the ghosts of Carling's, Dow, and O'Keefe of the
Red Cap.

On entering the common room the warmth struck
us immediately creating an air of engineering brother-
hood. By the flickering firelight, shapes of reclining
couples were faintly formed in the deep, deep couches
and close, cuddly chairs.

From there the music room with its fragrant strains
of a Sirenic band pulled us on a straight course to the
source.

But even that room in the end yielded to the majes-
tic strains of Stanley St. John and his orchestra where
we remained until the end of the evening 'til the first
rays of approaching dawn.

Finally at the end of it all we embraced beneath the
blue and gold canopy vowing to return in a year's time.

Many long years ago, there
lived a little lady (39-26-34),
little by Engineering stan-
dards anyway. To continue
— she lived in a land of con-
verts, deverts, extravers, in-
travers and of course prece-
verts. The land was called
convent-ree.

This little blond blue eyed
chick took a ride on a naked
white horse to protest what
has been called fortification
without representation. The
twinspeople of the city of
course were elated by her
scene and when, the follow-
ing year, she did not re-
enact her feat, they were
sadly disappointed. Being
the ancestors of a terribly
ingenious group of people,
now known as Engineers,
they decided that to main-
tain tradition they would
annually re-enact this little
blond lady's ride: Thus a
new tradition was started
— Skule Nite.

Through the years, this
tradition has been passed
down from son to father
and from father to some
people's sons and the Skule
tradition, as epitomised (a
40¢ word that was!) by
Skule Nite has survived the
ages and will no doubt sur-
vive through such new and

supposedly original things as
the U.C. Revue and the Vic
Follies.

Way back in the middle
ages when I was a lad —
ab youth — Skule Nites
were nights to remember.
Wine, Women, Song Wit,
Booze, Sex, Dirty Words,
Dirty Jokes... you name it
and Skule Nite succeeded at
it.

The Wine and Booze ge-
nerally comes on opening
night to celebrate Skule
Nites unexpected opening.

It continues of course, in
moderation, when, on the
final night, it reaches its
grand climax during the last
performance and on into
the evening. This last night
of Skule Nite and the follow-
ing party has become known
to those involved, as "The
Grand Booze Climax."

What "Grand Climax" is
complete without members
of the opposite sex — or for
those who prefer-members
of the same sex!!!

The girls in Skule Nite
have long been talked about
wherever engineers gather
and at Artsy's Pot Parties.
To be perfectly impartial,
those of you who haven't
seen, or been to, or heard
of Skule Nite, would prob-
ably not believe the reputa-

THE INEPT



SEDUCER

or: Comfort me with applesauce

By Roberta

Men are wrecking the game of love.

Without tellings us, they have changed the rules of courtship and (worts of all) the rituals of Romance.

I'm not talking about the Boudoir Olympians and their compulsive running broad jumps. Nor is this another clinical dirge on the decline of tactile tact, oral turpitude, and other carnal trivialitae.

Rather, it is the deterioration of the pursuit of us perfectly nice girls by perfectly nice men. Today, men seem to be doing the Mating Dance in a pair of lead Army boots. Girls are finding (to their utter dismay) that being courted is no longer delicious. At best, it's become a bore; at worst, a tiresome drain on mind and body.

Having bad intentions is just fine, thank you, but it's not enough. All girls love being sought. Most love being caught. However, something has gone awry in between. The Inept Seducer is our new Romeo. He operates on the theory that one picturesque insult is worth 1,000 words of praise, that a dirty crack is instant aphrodisia; and that girls are The Enemy, to be knocked over with all the subtlety of a napalm raid.

What's happening is that the Inept Seducer is turning sweet, gentle, yielding girls like me into sullen trouble-makers stamping our feet,

refusing to play nice anymore, and, worst of all, going home alone.

Oh, all you sweet, dear, yearning, loving, warm, nice witty, urgent, needful, cuddlesome, yummy MEN, why oh why, do you do such terribly dumb things?

It is possible that the Inept Seducer has become inept on purpose? Could it be that the criteria of Super-Studsmanship, created by the peer philosophers Hefner, Mailer and Bond, have made him so fearful of failure that he's trying to drive girls away?

As an example of the dumb things men do at girls we have THE HIPPIE.

This guy is Napoleon Solo, Early Bogart and Mr. Cool all rolled into one. He uses a clued-in shothand (instead of words) to let you know that, Like, baby, he's not only been there, but back. (Several times.)

Within two minutes he asks you if you take the Pill, and whether you've got any Pot on you. Within five minutes he warns you; "Don't get mixed up with me, baby, I'm trouble."

He never uses your real name. You get addressed as "Chick", "Sweetie", "Doll", or even "Man", as in "Look, Man...." (This is his most thoughtful trait; i.e.: he'll never call you the wrong name.) Ushering you into his pad (Hippies never live in apartments, only

(Continued on page 11)

WHERE DOES CANADA GET ITS ENGINEERS ?

— FROM UNIVERSITIES IN CANADA, OF COURSE, BUT FROM ALMOST EVERY OTHER PART OF THE WORLD AS WELL.

How Is A Standard Of Qualification Maintained?

The Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario maintains a minimum standard of qualifications and experience which must be met if the title "Engineer" is to be used or if professional engineering is to be practised.

What Is The Association?

It is all the engineers in Ontario. The Professional Engineers Act constitutes them as a body politic and charges them with maintaining a high standard of qualifications, performance and ethics

Where Does The Engineering Student Fit In?

During his undergraduate years he may be recorded as an Engineering Student. After graduation he should be recorded as a Graduate Engineer-in-Training until he qualifies by experience for registration as a Professional Engineer.

Where Does The High School Student Fit In?

By participating in Careers Day discussions at the School or by visiting the engineering facilities at the University, he can visualize the challenging opportunities in an engineering career — and appreciate more than ever the profound importance of the fundamental subjects in the high school curriculum.

The Engineering Open House at the University of Toronto on November 5th is a wonderful chance to investigate a "future career" — but inquiries will be welcomed at any time. Write to the Secretary, Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering, University of Toronto, Toronto 5, or to the undersigned.

L. E. Jones, P. Eng.

Recording Secretary,

(Dept. of Mechanical Engineering)

Engineering Student Application Forms available at Engineering Society Stores and Mechanical Library.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS

Presents the first lecture of a series on:

"THE PRACTICABILITY OF COMBINING OTHER PROFESSIONS WITH ENGINEERING"

Speaker:

DR. EDWARD LLEWELLYN-THOMAS,

Associate Director of the Institute of Bio-Medical Electronics

DATE: Wednesday, November 30, 1966 at 12:00 noon

PLACE: Room 102, Mechanical Building

TOIKE OIKE

room 24 — electrical bldg. — 928-2916
Devoted to the interests of the under-
graduates of the Faculty of Applied
Science and Engineering. Published
every now and then by the Engineering
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Unsolicited copy and cartoons cannot be returned nor can we
guarantee their inclusion.

Whatever happened to those great past
football game parades? St George and Bloor
St. a-go-go? The LGMB, the thirty good kick-
lines, that other band, more people, mad
drivers, yelling cops, happy cops, people singing
the U of T song (yes there is one, Virginia). Last
weeks torch light parade at McGill brought
some of this back; and the mile long concourse
down McGill College Avenue with the LGMB at
the front getting closer and closer to the Sub-
way.

After the last game the predictably obnox-
ious sounding LGMB tried again but the results
were poor. Those that came laughed, sang and
forgot about essays etc. Those that didn't come
missed a lot of good fun. I won't ask why you
didn't follow along with the band. I'll just tell
you that after the next game the LGMB will
march again, the Varsity will frown, and you
will have a good time.

In direct opposition to what I am about to say I am
going to criticize a campus literary effort. What I am going
to say is that I am sick of hearing criticisms of literary,
film, musical, and theatrical efforts by the staff of the Var-
sity.

Peter Goddard's review of ballet and Marilyn Beker's
review of a book on birds excepted, most Varsity critiques
are derogative. I don't want to hear how bad a movie or
book is—I want to know what is a good show to see.

Certainly with their massive experience the Varsity (and
incidentally all of Toronto's so called reviews) must see a
good movie or play. Tell me how good it is. Boost things,
don't kill them. Another example is Patrick Scott. At least
75% of his jazz reviews in the Globe and Mail are detri-
mental. If so much bad stuff is being presented that a good
review cannot be written why doesn't the reviewing staff
try to contribute their own good stuff. If movies, plays and
books are so blatantly horrible there is more room for com-
petent artists than critiques which point out the obvious.

Now I have successfully talked myself into a corner I
haved criticized criticism something which means I am criti-
cizing what I am doing. Thus I should either scrap this
editorial, or write reviews for the Varsity or write a book.
I think I'll start on a book then you will never know since
I'll use a pseudonym!

**DON'T FORGET THE
ENGINEERING RALLYE
SUN., NOV. 6, 8:00 A.M.**

PRESIDENT'S REPORT



This year's Skule Nite
movie was filmed last week-
end at a secret Toronto lo-
cation and promises to be
an excellent spoof of an old
Canadian problem.

Our annual School Dinner
was well-attended where our
scholarship winners were
honoured and to hear George
Hees talk to our first V.P.'s
credit that he introduced a
few comments on Gerda
Munsinger which brought
a red-faced laugh from Mr.
Hees.

It was my pleasure the
next day to represent our
Eng. Soc. at an Alumni
dinner that awarded medals
to two of our greater alumni,
Mr. Chamberlin (3To), who
is now on project Gemini
in Houston, and Mr. Stens-
trone (2T8), the Technical
Director of B.O.A.C. This
was later followed by a de-
molition ceremony of the
old Skule House performed
by Dean Ham and the LG
MB.

At a recent Eng. Soc.
meeting Blake Goodings
spoke on the Alumni Asso-
ciation and the A.P.E.O. to
a disappointingly small
group of engineers.

A couple of reminders
that Open House prepara-
tions are almost finished
except for a few more volun-
teers, so please see your
Club Chairman if you are
interested in running a dis-
play for your clubs demon-
stration program. Next for
the Clubs to consider are
the murals for the upcoming
Cannonball of December
2/66. The new fourth year
committee is planning to
arrange several speakers and
discussions for seniors on
matters of interest to them
and their jobs.

You may recall in my last
column a comment I made
about an A.P.E.O. seminar
on professionalism that
might result in a two-year
correspondence course
Upon returning from this
conference our Director of
Professional Relations, Rud;
Voytek, made the comment,
"I don't think they know
what it is either!" Perhaps
we can help them figure it
out. This office will receive
any correspondence on this
topic for possible printing
in the Toike.

ALEX HUSICK

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

This is just a brief note to convey to the students
of the University of Toronto my sad disappointment
in them. Last Monday night, Hallowe'en Eve, I was
quietly meditating in what I thought was the most
sincere pumpkin patch on the campus — Trinity's
backfield — when I heard gaily and revellry rebound-
ing from the santimonious hall of Trinity. It was two
minutes to midnight it suddenly struck me that I was
waiting in a pumpkin patch that was by no means
the most sincere on the campus. I humbly implore all
those concientious people who have not allowed com-
mercialism to creep into their celebration of the Hal-
lowe'en festival, to join me next year in the Pumpkin
Patch in front of the Galbraith Bldg. for the rising
of the Great Pumpkin. I have no doubts that this will
be the only place I will find sincerity and moral
objectiveness.

Sincerely,
Linus Van Pelt

Dear Sir:

I cannot believe in the total degeneration of the
Hallowe'en celebration. Last Hallowe'en I was quietly
crusing over the city in my Fokker-Triplane watching
for the passing of the Great Pumpkin when suddenly
I heard a terrible bark-like cry, "What's that Fokker
doing flying over the city."

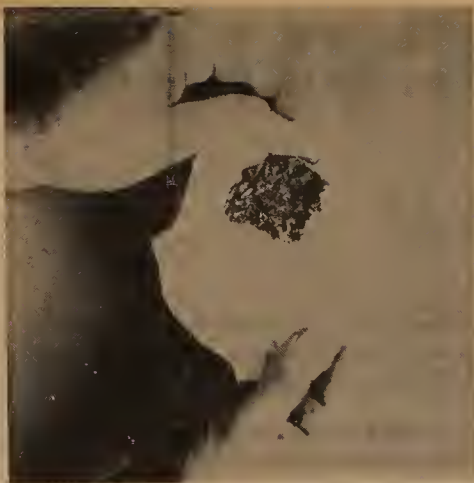
Then to my annoyance I was savagely attacked
by a bespectacled beast on a Sopwith O Doglouse. In
self defence I riddled his craft with bullets and when
I last saw the creature he had bailed out and gotten
his tail caught in his chutes shroud lines over Cham-
pagne shouting "Down with the Red Barn."

I am very sorry that I had to break the mood of
such a solemn Hallowe'en evening but I felt I had to
let my true inner feeling be revealed. "Curse you,
Snoopy."

Most affectionately,
The Red Baron

"... and so, when you elect me
Prime Minister, just as your
grandfather did before you ..."





STUDENTS ARE SMOKING WOOD SHAVINGS

With the papers full of stories of LSD and marijuana, the Toike Oike decided to investigate for itself. The psychedelic revolution has progressed to a great extent on campus and we found one new brand of 'kicks' previously unpublished.



ALTHOUGH THE TOIKE OIKE RARELY DEVIATES FROM ITS USUAL GOALS OF HUMOUR AND SATIRE, WE FEEL THAT A PROBLEM HAS ARISEN ON CAMPUS WHICH MERITS SERIOUS CONSIDERATION. THE ACCOUNT WHICH APPEARS BELOW IS COMPLETELY TRUE. THE NAMES OF PERSONS INVOLVED ARE WITHHELD FOR OBVIOUS REASONS.



By gradually infiltrating a group of campus hippies (an arduous process which began in the early fall), I was able to discover quite a bit about the "scene". I thought that the situation was relatively tame compared to the stories that appear in our sensationalistic press; I did, that is, until I was invited to a 'shavings party'.

I was told that among a select few on campus the practice of smoking wood shavings from the Pinus Mugo Mughus or the Mugo Pine has replaced the smoking of marijuana. Pinus Mugo Mughus casts considerably less than 'pot' I was told and is much more readily available. (The pine is native to Canada, and although I wasn't let in on the specifics, there is some growing in the vicinity of the U of T campus. Someone laughingly mentioned Queen's Park which met with more laughing from the members of the group).

We held our session in an off campus rooming house. By using a half-frame 35 mm. (with a silent shutter) and tri-X film I was able to take a number of photos of the proceedings. The session lasted approximately four hours. I will attempt to describe the scene.

(Continued on page 10)

SKULE NITE IS COMING!

ARE YOU??

Skule Nite 6T7 is coming to the stage Nov. 23 - Nov. 26. The Engineers have once again successfully substituted pen for slide rule and came up with another annual edition of the campus show.

Skule Nite this year is going to take a sideways look at the formation of our country — in honour of Centennial and all. Our hysterical section has dug out facts previously unknown about those early days and promises you a riotous glaoce at the people involved.

Our chorus line tops the list — Miss U of T potential, all of them. (good looking, too).

Actors — did you say actors?? You wouldn't believe the finesse, the poise, the perfect timing displayed by the guys and gals in front of the lights.

Our staff of one hundred and one writers have hammered out a fantastic series of scripts. Satire is our middle name. Humaur is our bread and meat. Sex is (present).

Our talented terrific all star cast cannot help but amuse, bemuse, charm, delight, excite, fracture, gas . . . you absolutely cannot afford to miss this year's edition. Satisfaction guaranteed or ticket cost (streetcar) refunded.



TICKETS FOR SKULE NITE 6T7 SKULE TYPES

Grads and Fourth Year	Mon. Nov. 7
3rd Year	Tues., Nov. 8
2nd Year	Wed. Nov. 9
1st Year	Thurs. Nov. 10

Everyone and anyone
Nov. 14 till all sold

ENGINEERING STORES



★ SKULE

NITE 6T7 ★

THE PULLAM REPORT

A STATISTICAL REPORT ON THE ENGINEERING COMPUTER DATING BUREAU

These statistics are based on a numerical sort by the computer, and all of the names are omitted from processing to ensure the confidential nature of the questionnaire.

80% of females admitted to being virgins, while approximately one half of the male questionnaires claimed non-virginity.

8% of the male and female sample were prudes and refused to answer the question. About twice as many females as males are prudes. From this one can immediately deduce that prudes do not subscribe to computer dating services. Also that female non-virgins do not subscribe. Of the tea homosexual males (I wish to date . . . My own sex) three were virgins and seven were non virgins? Naturally all of the seven lesbians were virgins.

Racial intolerance is exhibited most strongly by "prudes". Virgins are second and males are more tolerant than females. Sixty-seven percent of all parties

pants refuse to date outside their race. Only 26 percent refuse to date outside their religion, but this figure drops to 13 percent in the non-virgin group. This points out the adherence to the principle of Love thy Neighbour.

The percentage of predominant academic interest is highest among male virgins and lowest among female non virgins.

The favourite activity of the participants seems to be going to a dance, but for a second choice, virgins seem to pick skating or reading a novel, while non-virgins are in favour of snow-skiing. This confirms our suspicions about the true nature of ski weekends.

Forty-four percent of the subscribers admit to saying things to be overheard so we now know what the phrase "roar of the road" refers to.

The favourite reading material is Atlas shrugged for females, Playboy for males. However, over 80% of the readers of Dear Abby are

virgins, and 20% of these are males. Most of the 12% of the people who chose "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" were male, but there is a fair number of female pseudo-intellectuals also.

Dancing to animal music is the activity that stands out as the favourite of most people, and fraternities are also popular. The guys watch T.V. or get drunk while the girls are busy taking part in social work. An interesting fact is that 75% of those who choose eating a pizza as their preference are virgins.

Level of maturity was believed to be the most important ingredient of a lasting relationship, along with common level of intellectual development. The girls seemed to favour common goals in life as the next ingredient, but they will have a tough time, as all the guys favour "Sexual Beliefs". Then again who knows what one's goals in life might be? Maturity is

(Continued on page 11)

What Do You Think of Henry Moore's Sculpture?

What do you think of Judy LaMarsh as a patron?
Have you got a better idea?

The foregoing is a sneaky way of announcing the Engineering Centennial Project Contest.

This contest is being sponsored by the Engineering Society for the express purpose of getting a centennial project. There will be a first prize of \$10.00 and/or a free

ticket to the At-Home, (held on February 3rd, 1967), so dust off your artistic ability, and scrawl off an idea for a supercalifaboramafullerest centennial project!!!

RULES:

This must be a project capable of being completed in 1967.

It must be reasonable in cost, and must be unique. There will possibly be financial support for this project from the Faculty or from other sources.

Ideas to be submitted to the Engineering Stores, if you can find them in their new location, in the Mill Building.



A DISTRACTION FROM EVERY DAY TRIFLES

WE HAVE FOUND THE GREAT PUMPKIN

Second only to the location of the Fountain of Youth this astounding discovery by Bob Bossinovo will be revealed to all in a massive march to his shrine TODAY at 1 P.M. Just follow the LGMB and you, too, will find your secure little pumpkin patch!

Today at 1 p.m., follow The LGMB on The Greatest Caper Ever!!



Be it therefore known
that
There are only 22
Shopping days left
'til

CANNONBALL 6T7

November 32, 1966

Hart House, from turret to moot

Tickets on sale NOW!!

(would you believe next week?)



The author disguised as John Pullum, conceiver of computer dating and two daughters (George and Fred)

I TRIED COMPUTER DATING AND GOT MY STATICS PROF...

I TRIED MY STATICS PROF., AND GOT A BROKEN ARM

By R. L. G. M. BOSSIN

I'm not against computer dating, I just got a little mad when the machine fixed me up with my professor, my sister and a cute little IBM 230 in Simcoe Hall (We were getting along fine until her boyfriend came home — a nasty Gestetter that reeked of alcohol, and kept running off leaflets in purple prose, saying I was obsolete and had to be phased out. It was the first time I ever heard a machine say something antisemitic).

So I decided it was time I investigated BIRO'S BUREAU OF SCIENTIFIC SCEX and, disguised as a mild-mannered programmer for a great metropolitan university, John Pullum (or an ookpik), I passed through the horned gates of the Galbraith Building and entered the Data Processing Lab. I was combing my disguise down over my knees when I saw him, Pullum, the fastest programmer

south of P&OTS, the hirsute conceiver of computer dating and two daughters (George and Fred). His eyes glowed like coals thorough the dense brunette forest. "I found oue," he screamed, "a virgin who believes in free love" and he stuffed the card in his pocket. The computer flashed, three cherries appeared, and facts came spewing forth: Seiji Ozawa plays flugal horn in the L.G.M.B., the world was created in 4004 B.C., on Sept. 23rd at 10 A.M., E.S.T.; the War of 1812 was won in 1813! "Smarten up, integrated circuits," Pullum yelled, "or I'll ask you the colour of Hopalong Cassidy's hat!" The computer went into an epileptic fit, whimpered in disbelief and was still.

"John," I said. "John" he said, fooled by my disguise. "No, no. it's me, computer dating card 3.14159 (pi for short): the one who hasn't

had a date in six years (when I told your salesman my name was Francis Francis he charged me \$2.00 in stead of one); i'm the one who answered "yes" to "are you male or female"; the only literary figure I could think of was the Marquis de Sade; my favourite dress is leather pants; my religion is "other" and I won't date outside my religion. Why didn't I get a date, John, why oh—

"Another virgin who believes in free love!" he roared, wiping the hair from his sox, "let's put them together and get the camera."

"John", I begged, doing up my disguise in pigtails. "don't you recognize me?"

"Overloaded systems!", he said turning, "you're not me, it's... Rapunzel, Rumpelstiltskin, Sydney Katz!"

Suddeny the computer flashed into a frenzy, and printed "Hopalong Cassidy's hat is white, ha ha."



"the computer went into an epileptic fit, whimpered in disbelief and was still."

"But, um, well" Pullum asked it.

"Soda and bicycles" came the reply, John, sensing something wrong raved for the machine just as it demanded a virgin be sacrific

ed to it. Then, to my horror he tripped on his forelock, fell forward into the machine and was computed. "A virgin who believes in free love" it printed.

(continued page 10)

HOW I BLEW MY CHEM DEMI'S MIND



I don't think it was the fact that everyone got perfect on the first test of the term or that all finished their experiments before the 3-hour deadline that caused our demi to crack up. It might have been the near-perfect titrations or the seemingly effortless calculations that we rattled off. Most likely, it was the sheer utter respect we had for him and the knowledge he displayed that caused him to finally break and go running back to Mr. Rozieu's room, crying hysterically.

When nobody had to cook his experiment, his active little mind was stymied with no wrong figures in the notebooks. His ears had been on the alert for the sound of someone breaking a test tube or smashing a flask against the wall after a toast. The tension was too great. Finally, the demi had to drop a watchglass just so that normal conditions could be simulated.

His right hand near the sodium bicarb and his left near a acid, he was ready to neutralize the effects of

an accident, but no one had one. The stretcher team outside the room finally left.

At first he was bothered, but then he sneakily tried to settle things by suddenly jumping out from behind retort stands and distilled water bottles and a asking the surprized students if there was anything that was not completely understood.

After that failed, he led the class into the scales room to see which student could break a Mettler balance first. Purposefully, he made no remarks, thinking that no one would know how to use the balance. Eargely he regarded the first student to see if something might go wrong. With the glint of a madman in his eyes, he prayed for someone to drop the sample beaker onto the pan. When that failed, he tried to upset the balance by running up and down the aisles with loud cries of "Who's got the sample weighed?" Hoping he had possibly created some error, he led the students back into the lab for titra-

Surely now, he thought, someone will release the valve and completely swamp the sample. At any moment, someone in front of him should plead for assistance.

But student after student to the last drip completed his titrations and calculated the normality with roughly 001% error (allowing for a slight increase on the attraction of the pans to a house fly in the next lab).

Finally at the end of class, the demi realized it was now or never: something had to wrong in the notebooks; maybe someone had forgotten the assigned problems.

After perusing the first notebook and finding it practically flawless, he knew he had met his Waterloo and he slowly slid off the stool onto the floor where he collapsed into an inarticulate piece of jelly.

As Mr. Rozieu silently directed the earthly remains of the demi up the fumehood, the class respectfully tiled out, jackets at half-mast.

Graham Howes

SAM LOYD MEMORIAL PUZZLE CONTEST

PUZZLE CONTEST

... with prizes.

The Toike Oike, in conjunction with the Canadian Research Council, and in the interests of Scientific and Mathematical development, presents the first of a series of "TOIKE SUPER-PUZZLES", designed to stimulate the "phagesites" of the mind. These problems will challenge the genius of the engineer, and Arthur Artsman doesn't have a chance. For those clever enough to solve all these problems, there is a prize!! The Toike has offered to donate 25 prizes, for the first 25 correct answers. Send all solutions to the Toike-Puzzle Editor, c/o Engineering Stores, Rm 24, Electrical Bldg.

1) How do you spell Sam Loyd?

2) You are playing a 45 rpm record. The record Takes exactly 2.00 minutes to play. How many grooves are there in the record.

3) Re-arrange the letters of NEW DOOR to make one word.

4) A triangle has sides 13, 18, and 31 inches. What is the triangle's area.

5) Divide 50 by one-half and add 3

6) In the following line of

letters cross out six letters so that the remaining letters, without altering their sequence, will spell a familiar English (would you believe Yiddish . . .) word

BSAINXLEATNFEARS

7) A topologist bought seven doughnuts and ate all but three. How many were left?

8) A box contains two U.S. coins that together total 55 cents. One is not a nickel. What are the coins?

9) How many months have 30 days?

10) "How much will one cost?" "Twenty cents", replied the clerk at the hardware store. "And how much will twelve cost?" "Forty cents." "OKAY. I'll take nine hundred and twelve." "That will be sixty cents." What was the customer buying?

11) A statistician gave mathematical tests to everyone who lived in a village of 6000 people and at the same time measured the length of their feet. He found a strong correlation between mathematical ability and foot size. Explain.

12) What familiar English word is invariably pronounced wrong by every mathematician at the Institute

(Continued on page 10)



Find ten things wrong with this picture

TO A DEMMIE

to me
he was a god
articulate
initial scratching was too mean
to him
he left his mark
on sunshine
so bright was he
then brick by brick
altered
line by line
a neo-plastic

purpose
became his
and he turned
from truth
to other building blocks
now he is
folded in granite
in the marble halls of other minds
and squelches fears
of other lesser men
who crouch beneath him
pleading for
his time.

m.b.

GRAPH PAPER AT THE ENGINEERING STORES HAS 10% STRAIGHTER LINES

... but after November 18th, we wouldn't sell you any at the old store for a million bucks:

SLIDE RULES AT THE ENGINEERING STORES ARE 14% MORE ACCURATE

... but after November 18th, you won't be able to find a slipstick around the old stores:

THE GIRLS AT THE ENGINEERING STORES ARE 26% MORE PRETTIER

... but after November 18th, you won't be able to see a smile at the old stores:

BECAUSE AFTER NOVEMBER 18th, THERE WON'T BE AN OLD STORE! THERE WILL BE A NEW ENGINEERING STORE — ROOM 105 MILL BLDG.

(Where's room 105 Mill Bldg? ... Where's the Mill Bldg. even?)

And since the lazy management has decided to move as little junk as possible,
the Engineering Stores (all of them) is having one final peachy-keen sale!

★ 89c loose-leaf 3 ring refills for only	75c	★ Distinctive Sheaffer stylist pens	10% off
★ Pencils — all kinds, all colours	10c	★ Narrow and wide lined lecture pods	35c
★ Felt-tip pens	from 49c to 35c	★ Yellow scotch pods	only 19c .. cheap
★ WIFF N' PROOF games	all of them 10% off	★ Students slide rules	easy to learn .. 3.50
★ Sheet protectors and tung-lok covers	12c each	★ Lined and unlined essay paper	only 35c
★ Tat staplers — regular \$1.45 — now only \$1.06		★ Pencil sharpeners — Chicago 35	only \$3.00
	with 1000 free staples even.		

**SO WATCH FOR NEW SIGNS OF LIFE AROUND THE MILL BUILDING AND WAIT
FOR OUR OPENING DAY SALES — PRIZES, GIVE-AWAYS, RAFFLES, THE WORKS!
AND REMEMBER!**

If You're The First On Your Block To Be The Last On Our Block, You Win A Prize!

SMOKING WOOD SHAVINGS



First there is a check made by the apparent leader of the group to ascertain that all present were "in" and that there wasn't anyone sent by the "horsemen" (Mounties). One of my friends vouched for me, but John still seemed reluctant. Then, luckily, a musician I know dropped in and also vouched for me. Reassured, John produced a small paper packet from behind the radiator.

The excitement grew and all gathered to watch him roll the first "hinge" (cigarette). John slowly selected a blend of sizes so that the hinge would smoke easily but not too fast. All eyes were on him as he shakily but expertly formed the tube of paper then gently packed the shavings and rolled the cigarette. He carefully twisted both ends tight so that none of the precious shavings would be lost. Very slowly John sat the first one down and made another and another. An air of tense expectation filled the room.

Finally he was finished and the remaining shavings were carefully wrapped up, and secreted behind the radiator. John lit the first hinge, sucked in deeply and held it in. He quickly passed it to the next person along and gently exhaled his eyes losing focus and no longer fixing upon any one object in the room. They slowly drifted around never stopping seeming to absorb and record all that was happening. Progressively each person in the circle took a puff and suffered a similar effect. The first hinge had run out before my turn and the "spider" that was left was placed in an ashtray to smoulder. Its fumes provided the room with an odd warm odour.

The effect of the fumes was gentle and it had an oddly sure feeling. The second hinge progressed and came to me. I inhaled and choked. "Bad Cat" mumbled the hippie beside me and followed with an expletive I would rather not print. Trying again, I got a small amount down and I felt nauseous. I passed the hinge and struggled to keep the smoke down.

The room began to move gently first to the left and then to the right. I tried to look at John but I couldn't. The room continued to move randomly up and down from side to side. Then my thoughts took an odd character. I seem to remember thinking disconcertedly about my work and realizing the form and content that my article would have. I knew also what I would write on for the next issue of the Toike. Ideas began to abound. I tried to write them down but my hands wouldn't move. I barely managed to drag on the next binge. Things became even more disconnected. I am not sure what happened next but what seemed to be seconds or hours or days later, it was all over. Dazed and exhausted I went home and went to bed.

The film when printed showed some good pictures which I don't know how I took. I have vague recollections of being inspired and creative during the session, but nothing concrete is left. I don't know whether I was creative.

To place some scientific reference for my thoughts I spoke to a friend who is working for his PhD in physiology. He felt that usually these experiences are highly subjective and thus no real actual creativity arises except in the case of a gentle depressant like alcohol which may remove some inhibitions blocking creative processes. Certainly the Pinus Mugo Mughus shavings would produce a smoke which is poisonous. Its effects suggest a damaging consequence on the brain cells, temporarily at first but certainly dangerous if continued.

Thus I feel that the Toike must warn all students not to take part in a "shavings party". It is dangerous. Although subjectively you feel more creative, and cleverer you are not. Again do not attend a "shavings party".

Computer Dating

(continued)

Of course I programmed him through, stacked him and filed him by the new Library of Congress numeric al system under missing persons.

Dateless and dejected, I turned to go when (tip tap) what's that ... could it be ... yes, it had printed my name "928-2915 loves 3.11 159. Call after six o'clock." I turned the hands of my watch to 6 and, heart in my mouth, I phoned, only I couldn't say anything because my mouth was full, so she hung up ...

So, I do a lot of studying at night — there's some thing compelling to the atmosphere of an empty library. Some nights I go to the Victory, sit in the corner and cry. One day last week a guy even told me to stay away from his girlfriend; I felt so proud I forgot to ask whom I should stay away from. But now and then, when the echoes of bands and people fade into my carrel, I return through the horned gates of the Galbraith Building, to the Data Processing files, and I shuffle John Pullam.

NATIONAL MACARONI WEEK



Do you like the Cannonball?

Are you blasted by the Royal York Hotel?

Does luncheon at the Inn on the Park excite you?

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Do mixed cholets arouse you?

Does all this (plus pizzo & beer) sound good when it's all free?

MECHANICAL CLUB NEWS

The following letter was found in New College Residence by a member of the IV year Mechanical class: Dear Mommy,

Last week the Mechanical Club had a field trip and invited everyone on campus to join them. They went to Montreal, and even arranged a football game between McGill and U. of T. so that everyone would have something to do on a Saturday afternoon.

Lots of things are coming up. Open House will be on Sat. Nov. 5 from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. I hope you can come down and see what we do in Engineering. The MECHANICAL-Industrial dance is going to be Nov. 18 at the Lord Simcoe Hotel. We have to buy our tickets from our Class Reps and they are only \$2.50.

Right now, I'm working on a design for a new Mechanical Club emblem. There is a contest to see who can design the best emblem, and the winner is going to get a FANTASTIC prize. The prize will be awarded to the design that is most applicable to Mechanical Engineering and which is most original. I sure hope mine is going to win. I have to submit my entry to the Chairman's mailbox in the Engineering Stores.

My biggest problem right now is that I can't get my mind off the MECHANICAL-Industrial Club dance.

AL-Industrial Club dance As I said, it's going to be at the Lord Simcoe Hotel, which is one of the poshest spots in town. It will go on from 9 p.m. till sometime in the wee early hours of the morning. All the guys who went last year tell me it's the best dance on campus. I sure do want to take Chickie-boo. She'll really be impressed. I know she wants to go, because she's in Nursing and all the girls in her course who went to the dance last year were raving about it and she knows that what the Nurses like has got to be good. Not only that, but the Potsies liked it too.

Well Mommy, I've got to go. I have a Drawing Lab tomorrow morning and I want to read up on some D.G.

Love and Kisses
Meeh Frosh

PUZZLE CONTEST

(Continued from page 9)
for Advanced Study in Princeton N.J.?

13) Show that Christmas and Halloween are identical holidays by showing that:

Dec. 25 = Oct. 31
Contest closes Friday, November 12. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of date submitted. All entries must arrive at the Engineering Stores eventually.

SWIMMING WATERPOLO

By M. A. CHAPELLE

December 1st, the date of the Intramural Swim meet, Skule will attempt to regain, the swimming championship it has held for four successive years (with the exception of last year — we lost by 8 points.) We need bodies; as many as we can get. In this meet Varsity Intercollegiate swimmers are ineligible, so, swim stars, you need not be. We can take meet if we get a great enough response. Lists have been posted on the Athletic Association bulletin boards in the Galbraith (opposite the key punch room) and

Electrical (by the Engineering Stores) buildings for those interested. While you're about it, Waterpolo begins January 10th. If you're interested in playing for Skule or forming a class team indicate this on the list. Waterpolo practices will commence November 19th.

An organizational meeting for both swimming and Waterpolo will be held at 1:00 p.m. November 7th in room 119 of the Galbraith building. It would be appreciated if everyone interested would attend.

THE INEPT SEDUCER (cont.)

pads), he says, "Guess what I've got to give you, sweetie!" This is no small-time mover. HE knows a guy who works for *Playboy* (in the accounting dept.); HE knows a girl who went to a great party at Dylan's.

An ardent student of sexology, he gets awfully snarky if you've never heard of Albert Ellis.

* * *

Another prime example we shall call DON JOHN. To him, the gratuitous insult is a neat may of flirting. He thinks girls love being asked, "Is that a nose job?" Or, "Pretty girls bore me. I like an intelligent-looking girl like you." "What's that perfume? Camphor Oil?" "How come you're still single? Something wrong?" Somewhere during the evening he will admit that the only girl he would ever consider for marriage would be a 19-year old fashion model virgin, with a Ph.D. in Oriental love potions, a private income, and a slavlike obedience to his every whim.

To a girl he meets at a party:

"Come alone?"

Yes, I did."

"Couldn't get a date, eh?"

* * *

Then, there is THE FUMBLER. First, he gives you a kleenex — to wipe off your lipstick. The least sign of resistance elicits "What's the matter, you a lesbian?" "What are you saving it for?" "You can trust me. I studied gynecology. I know how women work."

* * *

The ALL-AMERICAN (or Yiddish, or whatever) is one of the better-known specimens. His illusions of grandeur impress one person very much, himself.

— "This girl was crazy about me ... her father offered to set us up in an \$80,000 house ... she was a sweet kid ... very sexy ... but I'm too young to die." — "No Canadian girls for me! Those Swedes! Wow! They know how to take care of a man, if you know what I mean." — "Well, this stripper I used to go with, she ..." — "Bunnies are the sweetest girls, and smart? One I know is a Greek scholar, and ...".

He loves telling how women have surrendered to him in bathtubs, hammocks, skate-boards (?), ski-tows, elevators, fire exists, and other unlikely environs.

With a mental picture of a haystack, you move on to (last but not least).

* * *

THE ID DOCTOR.

He once saw a comic book about Sigmund Freud and is now ready to help YOU. Your poodle is a substitute for sex, he says. The reason you wear a girdle is you don't trust yourself, he says. You're a very passionate person, he says, but you're repressing it. He can tell!

He says:

"Face it. You need it. I need it."

"You want me to say I love you? O.K. I love you."

"Face it, you're insecure."

"Sex is good for you."

"Face it. You're in love with your father."

If you try to change the subject, and say, "Can I have a cigarette?", he will reply, "Aha, a phallic symbol!"

* * *

There are always the types who say things like:

"Tell me who you really are."

"Nobody makes Jello like my Mom."

'Aw-w, c'mon ...'

Then there's that man who will interrupt a kiss to answer the telephone!

Enough said.

Should all this sound sour-grapish, let me say I have met a few "Ept" Seducers. Their technique is simple. They like me. They say so. They say so. They don't do dumb things to make me feel nervous jealous, angry, trapped, exploited, or sick to my stomach.

The Ept Seducer does not regard the price of a meal as a tool for coercion. He does not regard a turndown as a threat to his manhood; nor an acceptance as an immoral victory. He is a gentleman — a rare animal indeed. Ardent. Civilized. Sexy.

If only you dear, warm, vulnerable, cuddly, wonderful men would please stop slugging me with a sledgehammer, when a kiss on the neck works so much better.

Women, by nature, are designed to be pursued.

Lovers of the World—Unitel

Flattery will get you somewhere!

Oh, comfort me with applesauce, DARLING.



OPEN HOUSE EVENTS

See the strip-tease on the CRT tube!

See Glass Blowers!

See possibly the last operation of the

See the Nuclear Reactor!

Mill-run of the Mill in the Mill Building!

See Many More Superastounding

See the GT-40 Ford Racing Car!!

Engineering phenomena, on display for

See the Human gyroscope!

all to see (yes even YOU), from

See the Hydraulic Jump Jump!

2.5 p.m. on November 5, 1966.

See integrated circuits integrate!

Will the lady who called the Pres, last Sat. AM please put her request in writing to his office.

THE PULLAM REPORT (cont.)

again the deciding factor for enjoyable dates, except for non-virgins males who put more importance on Appearance.

The general knowledge part of the questionnaire otherwise known as Biro's Booby Trap, provided us with a lot of amusement. The names were chosen for being well known only within their own field. Here, then, are the answers, along with the results.

Ernest G. Manning, premier of Alberta. Known by 36% of the entrants; 12% guessed wrong, with Literature as the favourite wrong answer.

Edward Thilgen, former drummer of the Oscar Peterson Trio. 18% were right, 8% guessed wrong, with Lit-

terature again the favoured wrong answer.

Rudolph Serkin, world famous classical pianist. 40 per cent right, 14% guessed wrong, most guessed Art.

Francais Rabelais, Seventeenth century French author. 31% right, 14% guessed wrong, most guessing Art.

Joe Morello, drummer of the Dave Brubeck Quartet, two time winner of the Playboy jazz poll. 14% right, 34% guessed Sports.

John Gardner, Uncle Sam's version of our own William Davis. 10% right, 5% guessed wrong. Literature was again the favourite wrong answer.

Charlie Watts, drummer for the Rolling Stones. 21% right, 14% guessed wrong.

Jazz and Sport were the favourite wrong guesses.

Gustave Courbet, French painter 13% right, 9% guessed wrong. Literature again the favourite

Andre St. Hilaire, completely fictitious. 19% of the participants guessed something, with 10% choosing Literature again.

John Barrow, all Canadian tineman of the Hamilton Picats, 40% right, 6% guessed wrong—Literature natch.

Saul Bellow, Author of "Herzog". 48% right, 7% guessed wrong. For lack of having Literature as a wrong choice nearly all picked Jazz. P.S. There were no entries with Literature for every answer.

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MACHINE DESIGN
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SET THEORY
and Related Topics
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including 340 SOLVED PROBLEMS

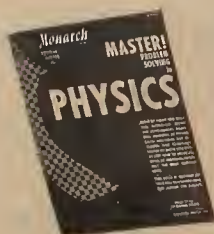
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